

Not Hard To Remember

That's what she is, with a voice clarifying amongst humankind, humidly murking around the half-open door separating the bathroom from the hall. Performances permanently permeate the Akashic Records singular enough to retain relevance throughout dozens of generations. With unreserved expressiveness the mundane clichés normally recited tinny from a tiny paper cone bloom coronally, ejected infusion of style ricocheting as measurable waves of billiard balls from the pebbled gypsum boards.

It is an impossibility to forget Tiny Tim singing Tiptoe Through The Tulips once witnessed without the impending haze of permanent brain fog taking residence. Equally unlikely is one to escape the memory of Laura De La Cruz singing in the shower.

Appreciation is a mindful state not entered with carelessness. Every time you meet someone has a very real chance of being the last. Remember to treat them accordingly.

When my daughter Kallisti Aeon was eight, I put her on the school bus - driven by the same woman who drove me to school thirty-three years prior - and she never got off. The previous day she had been sent home without her shoes, they having been replaced with ones purchased by her teacher, the woman having an extra-marital affair with the special ed instructor across the hall who would legally purchase her from a private company with a CEO a year later - at the time ranked the forty-seventh worst in the fifty States, and who indeed stated in court that they had failed to send anyone to Ms. Tuch's residence to perform a safety check of the premises. My appointed lawyer, who I did not request and had the absurdly pinpoint pupils of a prescription opioid addict every time I would meet him, did not object. Kallisti's appointed attorney voiced the researched opinion that the child should not be removed from her father's care and, as this would result in less income for all of the employees and stakeholders, was ignored. It is noted that my

child's lawyer was also a stakeholder, being paid over \$300USD a month for at least fifteen straight months, a task which required her to drive her very recent model red convertible sports car to our home once, be present in court four times, and observe a computer monitor for an hour about six times. Upon hearing the news that I would spend an entire year fighting for my family's rights to pursue life, liberty, and happiness, defending it from attack by an organized crime syndicate, Thomas Stuckey, the 'judge', threw a tantrum, angrily throwing down the manilla folders and accompanying voluminous stack of paperwork, sending the items sprawling across his desk, the neighboring one, and the floor in front of the bench. Apparently, my child's welfare was unforgivably interfering with his pre-afternoon weekday golfing schedule. The ultimate hearing a year later that would remove her from the custody of the only caregiver that she had never known more than a twenty-four-hour period without in her life would be the only court in session in the county that was conducted online due to Covid. The assembled cowards couldn't be bothered to show up to a building like everyone attending traffic courts. Declared property by a Guadalupe County civil court, whose stakeholder, the 'judge', only receives a paycheck because of the constant stream of revenue brought in by the for-profit company Child Protective Services.

She is fourteen now. I cannot remember what she was wearing the last time I saw her. A track I am working on named after her mother Priscilla will not be complete until I add samples of her voice sourced from many recordings, including those made during supervised visits in our last year as a family - half of which were also held remotely via cellphone screens. It has been over a month. I know what needs to be done to complete the work. There is no other acceptable option available. Opening the folder on my external drive causes anxiety resulting in a near blackout and hours of recovery spent staring off smoking cigarettes, which I did not begin using until I was thirty-three.

Our voices are important both as records and polarizing events enervating beside us. It is your responsibility to develop yours and add it to ours, for the benefit of all. No one has authority over you. No one. Remember this always.